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S. R. C. represents only first-class Companies and will insure Policies at as favorable rates as any other Agent. Applications by mail for Circulars of insurance, promptly answered, and any part of the County visited if requested. A.P.I.

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SPECTACLES, JEWELRY, WATCH-
CHAINS, SEALS, KEYS, PICTURES & FRAMES.
Also on hand and for sale a lot of TIN-WARE
and other things.

Poetry.

TOM TURNER.

AN EPIC BALLAD.

A shepherd was Tom by trade;
He slept on a rocky plain;
And though not rich, he often made
A run upon the banks.

On the hill he lived from day to day—
Fish caught by his own hand;
And when he did not find his prey,
He did not prize the land.

When he had seen a short of food,
The fish might hop around like mad,
And soon they were in his hand.

He had a happy life, content,
He never thought of more;
And every day he found his food,
And brought his net gains home.

Tom loved a girl, so tall and slim,
The fairest in the town;
But she would not take up with him,
So he was taken down.

By passion's power now he was
He called on his own hand,
And on his own hand he was
He called on his own hand.

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help me get into my business, or rather
he can't for he never has ready money."

"Help yourself, then."

"How can I, without money? I must
have a little to start with."

"Put yourself in as capital, and use
your muscle. They are big and strong
enough, I am sure. Such weights as
they tell me you balance at the gymnasi-
um—go and break stones! You are of no
use to anybody now. Your wife and
children don't need you; they have their own
children. I have no doubt they like to
have you with them, and will give you
what you need, but you should be ashamed
to dawdle through life dependent on a
rich man's bounty."

"I don't feel that it is a dependence. I
am one of the family, and we all live
happily together, and have everything in
the world we want. And, more than all
that, uncle wants you to come and live
there too. There is plenty for all, he
says. It is a large house, and there are
so many servants that they can't find
enough to do, and a great deal coming
in all the time that would be wasted if we
were not there."

"I will never go there with you Bern-
ard, never! I would rather die! I
would rather live in a log cabin, on bread
and milk, than with a husband who would
be willing to lead such a life as you do.
I should be so ashamed of him."

"The sleepy look went out of Bernard's
eyes in a moment, and a bright flash
into them. 'Is that the reason you would
never consent to make me happy, Jess-
ie! Oh, why did you not tell me
that before?'"

"I have not told it now. I dragged
me into the discussion, and I was only
carrying out your supposition."

"I will go to work to-morrow, if you
will only promise to love me."

"I have spoken for your own good,"
said Jessica, "and I have but one thing
more to say; never, from this moment
on, say one word to me of love until you
can offer me something of your own. The
log cabin is enough, but it must be your
own. Mind, I don't say I will listen to
you then; it is probable I will not. But,
in the mean time, love must not be named
between you and me."

"It is clear she does not love me, and
she might as well have said so without
insulting me with all that talk." Such
were Bernard's thoughts after Jessica had
left him, and he stood idly kicking
pebbles into the river. "She has said
some pretty stinging things. That is the
way she talks of me, is it? I would be
fool to give up all I have and work like a
common laborer. She is always as busy
as a bee herself, and I have thought how
nice it would be to take her from her
home, where she does so much to a place
where she would have nothing to do at
all. And her husband does not like it;
she gives herself too many airs."

Three miles below the old farm-
house stood the bay town of Perkinsville.
On a hot summer afternoon, two days
after the talk under the poplar willows,
a shadow fell across the open doorway of
the farm house, which shadow was im-
mediately followed by the appearance of
Bernard Leyburn.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Darryl," he said,
as he approached the gentleman. "I
want to go to work."

"Mr. Darryl, knowing Bernard as he
did, was astonished.

"Any money to invest?" he asked.

"Not a cent."

"Then you have not the ghost of a
chance. Dozens of young gentlemen
now in town wanting work. Story I
can't help you, Leyburn," he said, cor-
dially, "but, indeed, every place is full
and overflowing."

"I do not care particularly for a gen-
tlemanly situation; I had no expectation of
that kind. I will do any kind of work."

"Humph! That is a different thing.
What kind, for instance?"

"Driving a wagon, portage, any-
thing."

"A company of us have started the
lumber business high up the river, at
Maple Bend. Got a saw-mill going tol-
erably lively already, and it will move
faster soon. It is going to be a big affair,
I think. If you want hard work there is
a chance for you, but it won't be dainty
work. Can you help me lumber, or take
it to the mills, or cut down a tree, if need
essary?"

"Certainly, I can, and will be glad to
do it."

"I don't say but what you may work
your way to something better, but that is
the way you will have to begin. I am
afraid it won't suit you."

"Yes it will," said Bernard, eagerly.

"I wish I could prove to you how
anxious I am to go to work."

"Do you see that row of flour barrels,
ranged out there, ready to be shipped?"

"Yes, sir."

"That ship has come in sooner than
was expected, but those barrels ought to
go on board! Her this afternoon, and all
the hands are busy."

"I'll do it," said Bernard, smiling.

He went out in high spirits and began
rolling the barrels up the gang-plank
eager to show Darryl that he was not
afraid of work. He was accustomed to
handling heavy weights at the gymnasi-
um, for his amusement. But before his
present job was half done, he found out
the difference between work and play—
When the last barrel was on the sloop,
and Bernard went back to the office, Dar-
ryl noticed that the brightness had died
out of the eyes, and the old, sleepy look
had come back to them.

"That was well done, Leyburn," said
Darryl. "You'll make a splendid work-
man. When will you be ready for up
the river?"

"I have not quite decided to go. I
must think it over."

"This is Wednesday. I must know
your decision by Saturday."

"What has come over young Leyburn?"
asked Darryl of Jessica, when he paid a
visit to the old farm house that evening.
"He came to me to day to ask for work."

And then he related with a good deal
of humor, the adventure of the barrels.
It was well they were out on the porch
with no light but the stars, or he would
have seen how Jessica's eyes were sparkling
with pleasure.

"I told him if he would go up to Maple
Bend he would find plenty of rough work
to do, getting out lumber. He was all
eagerness, before his tussle with the bar-
rels, but very cool afterwards. He is to
decide on Saturday, but I feel so sure he
will not go I shall say nothing to any-
body."

"But I will!" thought Jessica. "I
would not encourage him by any hope of
my loving him. But I will give him a
push—just to start him off. I will tell
everybody in town."

And she did. That is, she told half a
dozen carefully selected individuals, and
they told all the rest, that Bernard Ley-
burn was going up to Maple Bend to
learn the lumber business. It was not
until Friday that this report obtained
general circulation. Thursday evening,
Bernard visited Jessica, but not a word
did he say of either love or lumber. The
next day he was congratulated every-
where, and everybody he met wished
him good luck.

"I had half determined not to go," he
thought, with vexation. "But Darryl has
spread the report about, and now I'll have
to go up and give it a trial. I shall find
it a horrible business, I know."

Bernard had not returned since first he
went up, now nearly a year ago, and he
had not written Jessica a letter, or sent
her a message. His uncle's family had
told him that he wrote to them in good
spirits, apparently, but that he said nothing
about his business, and they believed
and hoped he was fast getting cured of
his folly, for they understood that he
worked like a common day-laborer. She
sometimes questioned Mr. Darryl, but he
would merely reply: "The young man
is doing pretty fairly," which was cer-
tainly not very enthusiastic praise. Mr.
Darryl had good reason for his reticence,
for he remembered how he had spread
the report of Bernard's going to Maple
Bend through all Perkinsville, while the
matter was still undecided, and after he
Darryl had told her he should tell no one.

"It's strange," thought Jessica that
afternoon for the hundredth time, "that
Bernard never writes to me! I am afraid
he is not doing well. I wonder if he is
too foolish enough to literally believe that
I did not love him, and never would love
him? Or it may be he has learned to love
work so much he can't care for anything
else. A pretty result of my advice! But
I am not sorry I learned him from his
lethargy, even if I never see him more!"

Here the gray eyes filled with tears,
while night perhaps had fallen, but for
a sound that now struck upon her ears,
the quick tramping of footsteps through
the long grass and daisies. Her heart
beat fast, but she would not turn her
head.

"I knew I would find you under the
ash-tree."

"Bernard!" And now the head turned
and she held out both hands. He ques-
ioned them in a very uncivilized manner,
but he must surely have learned in the
lumber region.

"How you have changed!" she ex-
claimed. She saw at a glance that the
great brown eyes were alive with active
thought, that the mouth was firmer, and
the whole bearing of the man, resolute
and manly.

"If he has not succeeded, he has not
given up!" was her mental comment.
She made room for him on the bench.

"And you, not at all! You are the
same Jessica I left! I do believe this is
the same dress you wore when I last saw
you!"

"How can you be expected to know one
white dress from another?"

"It is not your wedding-dress, I hope
you are not married, Jessica?"

"No, I am not married," she said de-
murely.

"Thank Heaven for that! What have
you been doing this long time?"

"The same old round of duties. Saw-
ing and helping mother with the house-
keeping, and the children with their
lessons. There is no end to woman's
work, you know. Only, I don't believe
you know anything about it."

"I know you were always as busy as a
bee, and I used to think you must con-
stantly be unhappy, but I have learned
better than that now."

"Indeed! And pray what have you
been doing that you are ashamed to write
to your old friend?"

"Did you expect me to write to you?"

"We generally look for common cour-
tesy from those who pretend to be our
friends, and neither letter or message
have you sent me."

"I was waiting for 'something of my
own.' You see I have not forgotten a
certain conversation under the poplar
willows yonder."

Jessie turned away her head. "I did
not say you were to treat me with the
ordinary politeness of an acquaintance."

"I know. I resolved to see you no
more, to speak to you no more, until I
should have retrieved my manhood. I
went to see Darryl who told me of his
lumber business at Maple Bend, where I
could get work as a common laboring
hand. It was rather a staggering offer,
and I took a couple of days to consider it.
I was at first somewhat inclined to back
out of the scrape, but, at last I sum-
moned up the necessary fortitude, and went."

Jessie thought of the report she had
purposely spread around him to force him
to go, but, like a discreet woman, she
held her peace.

"Hard work it was," continued Bernard
after a pause, "and weary and disagree-
able, helping to get the lumber to the
rafts, and down to the vessels. This
labor lasted for three months, and if I
had not been for my positive determina-
tion that nothing should force me back to
the old life—and for one other thing—I
think my endurance would have given
way. At the end of three months the
business increased so rapidly, and so
many hands came up, that I was pro-
moted to a part of the business I liked
very well—filling out the orders, that
came in pretty fast, by selecting the
proper wood, and measuring the lengths,
etc. But, I need not tell you all that,
and how one thing led to another until
now I hold quite an important position,
with a fair salary, a good knowledge of
the business, and the prospect of doing
better still. And, besides these, I have
the finest mile of a house that looks as
if the wind had blown it together, and
at night, at any time, blow it apart, and
yet it is strong and tight for all."

"You have, indeed, done wonders,
Bernard. I knew you could do anything
you wanted to do."

"If I had got nothing from my work
but the consciousness of independence
and manliness, I would consider myself
fully repaid."

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

FOR GOVERNOR
Nelson Dingley jr.

For Representative to Congress
WILLIAM P. FRYE.
For Senators,
ENOCH FOSTER, JR. of Bethel.
JOHN P. SWASEY of Canaan.
For Sheriff,
JOSHUA W. WHITTEN of Buckfield.
For County Commissioner,
BENJAMIN Y. TURLL of Sumner.
For County Treasurer,
CHRISTOPHER C. CUSHMAN of Hebron.

Mr. Frye's Acceptance.

The following correspondence explains itself:

PARIS, July 13, 1874.

To Hon. WM. P. FRYE, M. C.

My Dear Sir,—At the Republican District Convention of the 2d District, held at Auburn, June 26th, 1874, I was instructed to inform you that you were re-nominated, by acclamation, as the republican candidate for this Congressional District, for the ensuing election.

The resolutions of the Convention are herewith submitted. I trust that the nomination will be ratified by the people in as flattering a manner and by as handsome majorities as on your previous elections.

I have the honor to be,

Yours truly,

FREDERICK E. SHAW,
President of the Convention.

LEWISTON, July 18, 1874.

Col. F. E. SHAW, President of the Republican Congressional Convention for the Second District.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter informing me of my nomination by the Republican Convention of this District as a Representative to the Forty-fourth Congress. This endorsement is more grateful to me than I can well express.

I will only say that I accept the nomination, and if elected, will give to the performance of the duties of the office an earnest purpose to serve faithfully my constituents, the State and the country.

Very respectfully,

WM. P. FRYE.

Will it Succeed?

The first step in the programme for the re-election of Senator Hamlin was to secure the active support, or, when that could not be obtained, the silence, of every Federal office-holder in the State by creating the impression that Mr. H. is strong enough with "the powers that be" to have retained or removed, whomsoever he would, with here and there an honorable exception.

The next step was to ridicule the idea that any other man than Mr. H. had the least chance for election, alleging that the thing was "already fixed" and perfectly understood inside of leading political circles, and intimating that none but political idiots could entertain any other opinion. This assumption they have attempted to support by a systematic exaggeration of Senator H.'s strength in all parts of the State, and by belittling the chances of any other candidate. This is especially noticeable in the outrageous misrepresentations set on the wing by the Democratic-Hamlin organ in this County and by letters sent out by a few sympathizing republicans. The eagerness with which Mr. H.'s papers and many of his friends in the State caught up and retailed these falsehoods show the importance which they attach to this part of the programme.

A score or more of office-holders whose official business is out of the State, but who are conveniently here just now, with nothing else to do, are industriously aiding in the work. The success of this kind of political strategy remains to be seen.

The scheme is skillfully laid but the republican voters of the State have a word to say in regard to its execution.

The Senator Question.

The last Somerset Reporter has an able article on this matter, dated August 1, in which the writer says:

"Mr. Perham is found to be most acceptable to the masses of the people. They point with satisfaction to his wise and economical administration of State affairs. They have faith in his ability, integrity and independence, and they believe him to be a safe and suitable man to be invested with senatorial honors.—You may therefore look to see Kennebec take a position upon this question not materially different from that which she occupied at the time of Mr. Perham's first gubernatorial nomination."

—The Republican State Committee had a session at Portland last week. Though everything is quiet, politically, the republicans are confident of carrying the State by an increased majority. The opposition seem to have lost their usual courage. They find difficulty in getting candidates to run against men so popular as Blaine, Frye, Hale and the rest of our Congressional ticket, and Gov. Dingley, who has been growing rapidly in public favor, since entering upon his official duties. Bion Bradbury is talked of as the democratic candidate in the 1st district—Dr. Garcelon in the 2d—Judge Rice in the 3d,—Marcellus Emery in the 4th, and Judge Rice's son, of Rockland, in the 5th. This would give too much rice in the broth to be palatable, and the whole ticket would be easily beaten.

—The Norway Advertiser attempts to apologize for its apparent partiality on the U. S. Senator Question, by the intimation that the friends of Mr. Hamlin had not been allowed any courtesy in the columns of the Democrat. We deny this. We have not refused any communications in favor of other candidates than the one we favor, but, on the contrary, have admitted several. The apology is too thin.

Maine Editorial Excursion.

On Monday, July 13th, we joined the Editorial party at South Paris, on their annual excursion. They had a special car, politely furnished by the Grand Trunk, and Mr. Cooper, Division Superintendent, accompanied the party as far as Gorham. There were about fifty, ladies and all, and merry as larks as we entered the car—though the weather was muggy and anything but promising for a good sight among the mountains. When we reached Bethel the blue sky appeared and gave promise of a good day for the morrow, which was fairly realized. This is the eleventh excursion of the Association, and the seventh which it has been our pleasure to attend. We regard these reunions as the most enjoyable occasions of our lives, and fraught with the pleasantest associations and remembrances. We esteem highly the friendships which they have formed and promoted, and which are hallowed with the most cherished recollections.

Those of the party who had never witnessed before the beautiful scenery on the line of the Grand Trunk, were charmed with it, and by the way, there is no railroad line in New England with richer and more varied views. The villages among the hills, all the way, looked charmingly, and were especially admired by our Halifax friends, Messrs. W. S. Fielding of the Morning Chronicle, and Barnes of the Witness, who accompanied us as guests, and whom all welcomed warmly, happy to reciprocate partially the attentions bestowed upon our party the year before by these gentlemen, when we visited Halifax.

At Gorham, Mr. C. R. Milliken, of the Glen, met the party, with five of his handsome coaches, each having six splendid looking horses attached. These teams cannot be surpassed anywhere. Prof. C. D. Robinson, the well-known educationist, was also here, looking out for the comfort of the Glen passengers. Soon we are off, the coveted seats being on the outside, and after an exhilarating ride of eight miles we reach the Glen, in which is the magnificent Glen House. As we ride up, the music of the band playing on the veranda is most inspiring. We know of no mountain house more delightfully located than the Glen. The Messrs. W. F. and C. R. Milliken, of Portland, are proprietors, and know how to "keep a hotel" as well as to carry on a big mercantile business.

We found the Bates students on duty in the dining room, and were highly pleased with their gentlemanly appearance and readiness to minister to our wants. They are to be commended for illustrating so grandly in this, our republican country, the dignity of labor. We found, in the office the genial SAWYER, so well known to the traveling public as late Conductor on the Eastern road.

The party were assigned to pleasant and airy rooms before their arrival, and after a good night's rest and a capital breakfast, took coaches to ascend the mountains. Some of the party were up as early as 4, to get a glimpse of sunrise, which it is fair to presume was a novelty to them at home. The day opened auspiciously, but did not prove to be one of the best on the mountain. The wind was blowing at the rate of 75 miles an hour, and it was so cold on the tip-top, that the party sought the stoves to warm their benumbed hands. We who did not ascend the mountain, were uncomfortably warm. We had good views of the party, as the polished and glistening tires of the wheels of the coaches flashed in the sunlight, around the winding road. The party got back for dinner about 3 o'clock P. M., with sharpened appetites. In the evening all assembled in the magnificent parlor of the Glen, a hundred feet long by fifty wide, and gorgeously furnished. After pleasant social intercourse, the band came in and promenade and dancing enlivened the hours, which the guests of the house also enjoyed.

Next morning the party continued on the route marked out, staging it to Glen Station—then by cars and stages to Crawford's, through the Notch, to the Profile house and going over a very delightful course for tourists, and over Lake Umbagog to Wolfborough, where they met New Hampshire friends and finally over the beautiful Aton bay on their way home.

We regret that we were obliged to leave the party at the Glen, and return to Gorham, on account of our rheumatic sensitiveness to jolting stages. The accounts of those who "endured to the end" are full of praises of the good time enjoyed.

At a session of the Association convened Friday evening at the Pavilion Hotel, Wolfboro', the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved by the Maine Press Excursionists:

That our visit to the White Mountain region and Lake Umbagog has been most delightful, and pleasant memories of the beautiful scenery and hospitable people of New Hampshire will long be with us.

That we heartily thank the officers of the Grand Trunk, Boston, Concord & Montreal, Boston & Maine, Portland & Ogdensburg, Maine Central and E. & N. A. Railroads, and of the steamers Lady of the Lake and Mt. Washington, for their liberal and courteous attention, and the proprietors of the Glen House, Crawford House, Profile House, and Pavilion Hotel, and their stage lines for their polite and cordial hospitality.

That we thank Mr. E. C. Eastman and other brethren of the New Hampshire press for their kind attentions which have added much to our enjoyment.

That the efforts of the committee in planning and perfecting the excellent arrangements of the excursion are gratefully appreciated by the whole party.

—A writer in the Belfast Age, republican, on the Senatorial question, says:—

"If any man, who has been before the public for years and thereby is publicly known, is not wanted to be retained to that degree, as to entirely relieve him from the necessity of resorting to political wire-pulling and intrigue in order to be retained, then in heaven's name, let him be quietly retired in all honor, and the man who would advise him otherwise, is not his true friend."

—We willingly give place to the letter of Gen'l Perry this week, as we have no intention of doing injustice to him. We have never mentioned his name in our paper in connection with the articles referred to, and did not suppose the Gen'l would be aggrieved if he were innocent—in other words, "if the coat did not fit." If he were innocent he would not put it on. If he presumed he would not put it on. If he were innocent he would not apply the strictures to himself—if guilty, he deserved them. He now explicitly denies the authorship of certain articles. The article referring to him personally was an extract from the article in the Norway Advertiser, signed "BUCKFIELD." We have no controversy with Gen'l Perry, and do not mean to have any. If the opponents of Mr. Perham will turn their attention to the merits of the question and the candidates, and avoid personalities, and talking about "Col. Shaw's candidate," they would very much oblige us and subserve the interests of all concerned better.

Oxford, July 23, 1874.

Col. F. E. Shaw:—For several weeks past your paper has contained articles (most of which have appeared in your editorial columns) full of personal abuse, insinuations and innuendoes, evidently aimed at myself. In your last issue, after filling up three columns upon the "Senatorial Question,"—well seasoned with these slanderous allusions,—pointing in the same direction—you drop the mark, stalk to the front of the arena, and make the stab direct. You say:

"The individual who has undertaken the job of creating public sentiment by writing letters dated at different points in our County, under different signatures, but whose style cannot be disguised, in a letter to the Norway Advertiser, signed 'Buckfield,' says—'Oxford has the choice of a candidate for the legislature, and with the known hostility of Hon. John J. Perry, it is folly to expect any but an opposition representative to Col. Shaw's candidature for U. S. Senator.'"

In your personal attacks upon me, you have adopted a singular mode of warfare. You first assume what is false in fact,—and then, upon these baseless premises, write out your bill of indictment. Let me say to you, I have never written a single line, or word, of any communication upon the Senatorial question, that has ever appeared in the Norway Advertiser, and the first knowledge of the communication from "Buckfield," was its appearance in that paper, and I am to-day entirely ignorant of its authorship. And other charges you make against me of writing letters to the Bangor Whig and other papers, are equally untrue. In proof, see Bangor Whig under date of July 23d. What I have written, I stand by to day, as the truth—I neither qualify or retract a single sentence.

It may be pertinent for me to remark right here, that during the last thirty odd years,—in which I have been an occasional correspondent for the newspaper press—both in and out of the State, I never acknowledged the right of any man to dictate to me when or what I shall write, neither do I recognize your right to falsely charge me with the authorship of letters written by others, or attempt to organize a system of espionage to regulate the press upon the United States Senator question. Personalities I always carefully avoid, and I never have indulged in them unless driven to it in self defense.

In whatever I may have written or said I never have referred to you personally, except in a respectful, gentlemanly way, and I am sure I never have assigned to you a position you did not choose yourself. Taking this, and other facts into consideration, what must be the desperation of the party faction represented by you, to so far forget the amenities everywhere recognized among gentlemen,—against the truth, and upon mere suspicion to charge me in a single issue, with "misrepresentations," "misstatements," "fraud," "tricks," "trickery," "villider of the truth," &c., &c., &c.

What do you and your candidate, and the men enlisted with you in the senatorial contest desire? Do you wish to turn this canvass into a "bear garden" fight—a fight poisoned with malice, and made up of personal scandal? Is this the game to be played by the "moral and social reform" party of Maine? In regard to the U. S. Senator question I have my own opinions, and I have a right to them, and it is gratifying to me to know that they are in harmony, as I fully believe, with a majority of the republicans of "old Oxford," and in accord with at least nine-tenths of my own town. In conclusion, let me call your attention to the following paragraph in your last paper:

"And if the particular individual to whom we have referred persists in his deceptive course, we shall have occasion to show up his political character in still worse colors."

If you mean that braggadochio threat for me, my reply is emphatic—

"Lay on Mr. Duff—"

And don't be he, who first cries—halt—enough."

If either you, or your candidate for senatorial honors desire to compare notes upon "political character," I ask no favors or any delay on my account. If you desire to engage in this kind of recreation, you will find in the end that this is a "game that two can play at."

Respectfully yours,

JOHN J. PERRY.

—The President of Bowdoin College, Maine, Mr. Chamberlain, in his address to the graduating class, pointed out the true standard between science, philosophy and religion, and criticised the theories of positivists and the false assumptions of scientists. Scientism has run wild upon the mere theories of scientists, much to the injury of young minds in our schools, and no better service can be rendered to the cause of morality, religion and civilization than for learned professors to point out the fallacy and to show how religion and science can be made to harmonize.—[N. Y. Herald.]

—Hamlin stock is going down on the run. The only question is in a few weeks will be "Drummond or Perham?"—Star.

Law Cases.

The following Oxford County cases have been disposed of at the term of the Law Court now sitting at Portland:

- Olive C. Currier vs. Alonzo B. Swann et al. To be argued in writing.
- D. Hammons vs. plaintiff.
- A. Black for defendants.
- Angeline F. Andrews vs. Augustus G. Pearson. To be argued in writing.
- A. Black for plaintiff.
- S. C. Andrews for deft.
- John P. Swasey vs. Wm. F. Putnam. Dismissed from Law Docket.
- J. P. Swasey. G. D. Bisbee.
- Moses S. Sampson, exr., vs. Ella Sampson. Submitted on briefs.
- A. Black. J. P. Swasey.
- Miriam Spaulding vs. David Record et al. Plaintiff's argument submitted.—Defendant's argument to be furnished in 30 days.
- Pulsifer. W. K. Kimball.
- State vs. Elisha T. Cotton. Exceptions overruled by consent. Judgment for State.
- Plaintiff, Attorney General for State.
- E. G. Harlow.
- Emery Andrews et al. vs. Inhabitants of Oxford. Piffs. non suit.
- J. H. Drummond. Perry.

The Canning Patents.

Final decree was recently entered in Boston, in the United States Circuit Court by Judge Shepley in the case of J. Winslow Jones et al., vs. John W. Hodges of Medway, Mass. The judgment was for \$100 for past infringements. A final decree was also entered against James La Croix of East Medway, for the same amount. It will be remembered that Judge Clifford gave a very elaborate discussion on the Winslow patent about a year ago, and till lately no decisive action has been taken against infringers. Four cases have lately been commenced in Boston, two of which have been decided as above, and injunctions will likely issue in the two others in a few days.—W. H. Clifford has managed the cases for plaintiff and Chancey Smith of Boston, for the defense.

—While in Bangor, recently, we visited Weston's Photographic gallery, and was shown his invention for burnishing pictures, which artists throughout this country and Europe are now compelled to use, to give satisfaction in their line of business. Weston is an artist by nature—born as poets are, not made—and he knows how to take a picture in the highest style of his art, and to exhibit the highest type of character of the subject. We have compared his pictures with Lamson's, of Portland, and those taken in Boston and New York, and can find none equal to his for smoothness, finish and expression. He is an amateur in the art, and takes pictures only for the love of it—delighting in taking good faces and refusing to waste his time on poor ones. He finds blondes his best subjects. The burnisher, which he invented, is manufactured by himself at Bangor and brings him in a handsome revenue. He has disposed of 60,000 in this country at \$10 apiece, and his partner, Ex-Mayor Bass, has lately visited Europe and made arrangements for the sale of a large number there.

Mr. Bass says that some specimens of Weston's pictures which he took to England, won great encomiums of praise and were not excelled by anything produced in the old world.

—The case of the Pomeroy boy is one of the most remarkable on record. On being arraigned for one of his former crimes, in reply to the Judge he said he couldn't help it. This statement has led the physicians to attempt to discover the cause of his morbid impulse, and, on Monday, three of them interviewed his mother from whom they learned the following singular facts. Among other things, she said that her husband was a butcher, and that during the period of her pregnancy she went daily to the slaughter house to witness the killing of the animals, and that somehow she took a particular delight in seeing her husband butcher the sheep, the calves and the cattle, and not infrequently she assisted him in this bloody work. She also said that after Jesse was born, and became old enough to have a knife in his hands, he was all the time, when opportunity offered, jabbing a knife into pieces of meat, and when still older and about his father's market, he did the same thing.—These facts undoubtedly explain the reason why he couldn't help it, and the poor boy is deserving of sympathy rather than vengeance.

—The commencement at Colby last week was uncommonly well attended and interesting, and shows that this college is in a prosperous state.—Speaker Blaine called it the first in Maine.

At the Junior Fair Exhibition, Charles Francis Hall of Oxford, had a part entitled "The Geography and the People of America."

The degree of A. B., out of course, was conferred on John F. Moody of Hebron, class of 1867.

Ex Gov. Coburn gives \$300 yearly for the establishment of five scholarships for poor and meritorious students, and Senator Hamlin testified his interest in the University by instituting four prizes amounting to \$30 annually: two for the gentlemen and two for the ladies of the Freshman Class, of \$5 and \$10 respectively, for excellence in declamation and reading.

The Trustees have decided to locate as feeders to the institution an academy at Houlton, on the condition that \$35,000 shall be raised; also at Hebron, if an endowment of \$20,000 is made; also at Gorham, if \$50,000 is raised. Of the latter sum the Trustees of Seminary have already subscribed \$10,000, and Col. Frederick Roby \$1,000. The total amount of money to be raised for the feeding academies is \$100,000, to which Governor Coburn adds \$50,000 more, which goes to the Waterville Classical School. Gardner Colby of Boston gives \$500 to Hebron Academy. Rev. A. R. Crane of Hallowell was appointed Financial Agent to raise the needed funds.

—Congressman Hale has visited his parents in Turner.

Norway Items.

We gather the following from the Advertiser:—

Quite a large party left the dusty streets of our village last Thursday morning, for Peak's Island, where they intend to enjoy life, fishing, bathing, romping, &c. The company consists of A. Oscar Noyes and family, W. H. Whitcomb and family, Dr. Geo. P. Jones and family, Jas. Churchill and wife, and Chas. Hathaway and family. When they return to their several homes next week, look out for a broad famine.

The Odd Fellows of this town have engaged the Norway Band, to furnish music at the celebration in Portland, which occurs on the 25th of August.

There will be a meeting of the Norway Lyceum at the Savings Bank, on Wednesday evening, July 29th, at 8 o'clock. A full attendance is necessary.

Members of the Norway Light Infantry intending to go to muster, are ordered to attend drills on Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week; and all members not intending to go are requested to hand in their uniforms immediately.

South Paris Items.

Rev. Mr. Morgan, of Kansas, is spending a few days in our village, with his brother, C. M. Morgan. He preached a very interesting sermon Sabbath evening at the Congregational church.

Oxford Normal Institute, under the charge of F. T. Crommett, Principal, assisted by Miss Hamlin and Miss Crommett, has had a very successful term of school this summer. The school held a picnic last Saturday in the grove near Mr. Crockett's. The people of South Paris turned out to help make up a pleasant time, and I think the occasion was enjoyed by all who attended. Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Sprague of Paris, Rev. Mr. Morgan of Kansas, and Rev. J. B. Wheelwright of South Paris. We are glad to learn that Mr. Crommett is to have charge of Oxford Normal Institute the ensuing fall, and we feel confident that the school will be one of the best that we have ever had.

Our village seems to be in a prosperous condition the present summer. S. F. Briggs has built a two story building on Depot street, occupied as a Carriage-Blacksmith and Paint shop. Wm. Brook has built a pretty cottage house. The Methodist church has been painted, raised, and a Vestry is being put under it. Chas. O. Saunders has built a house, ell and stable, and Lawson Hill a two story house on Main street. Robt. Smith has built a one-story building, to be occupied by J. H. Jones as a saloon. Col. Phelps has built a two-story addition to his store to be occupied by Frank A. Thayer as a store; and we wish Frank much success when he gets into his new store. The new Boot and Shoe store of Wilson, Morse & Frothingham is doing a good business. More next time. J.

West Paris Items.

Mrs. Marie Potter, wife of Barbour Potter, living in what is known as the Porter neighborhood in this part of the town, made with her own hands in one year, five hundred pairs of pants for which she received from 35 to 40 cents a pair; taking the average it would amount to \$187.50. Besides doing all this she did her house work, such as making and repairing clothes, her washings and ironing, preparing food for eight in a family, manufacturing the milk of four cows into butter and cheese, looked after, fed and raised 65 turkeys, forty chickens and 27 goslings—and her work was done well and in season. Mr. Potter works equally as hard, and their nice farm buildings, shining with fresh paint and new blinds, indicates their well deserved prosperity. How many complaining at their hard lot in life would do well to pattern after so worthy an example.

The buildings of Mr. Jabez Buck came near being destroyed by fire last Tuesday. The fire caught upon the roof from cinders from a burning chimney. A neighbor discovered the fire and gave the alarm and the first that Mr. Buck and his wife knew of their danger their neighbors were coming from different directions to assist in extinguishing the flames. Mr. Barbour Potter with his hayrack crew were the first to reach there, and it was with great effort that they were enabled to put out the fire. Mr. Buck was sick and confined to his house, and but for the timely discovery of the fire his buildings must have been destroyed; or if there had been a wind at the time no power to their command could have saved them.—Register.

Oxford Items.

The summer schools in this village, closed last Friday. The teachers, Mr. Bryant of Bethel, and Miss Nellie King of Paris, have been very successful in their efforts, and the citizens have been well pleased with the advancement which has been made. Miss King has been engaged to teach the Fall term.

A game of Base Ball was played at Oxford last Saturday, between the Athletics of Mechanic Falls and the Keokas of Oxford, resulting in favor of the Keokas, by a score of 29 to 14.

Present appearances indicate that the hay crop will be quite as good as last season. Many farmers will get much more than for several years past.

Winter rye is looking extra well. Mr. Durell and Mr. Baker have large rye fields that are really worth seeing.

Raspberries are very plenty, selling from 10 to 15 cents per quart. The blueberry crop will be rather light in this vicinity.—Norway Advertiser.

Rev. C. C. Cummings, of the "Little Wanderer's Home," of Boston, will visit Oxford and speak in behalf of that institution on Monday evening, the 27th inst. A choir of children will accompany him.

—The Advertiser says that during the thunder storm Monday evening the lightning struck the chains that hold the weights in place at the draw of Vaughan's Bridge cutting them off as clean as if done with a knife. Street Commissioner Payson thinks the bridge will have to be closed to travel for a few days to repair the damages.

West Sumner.

Mr. Editor:—You have already published an account of the accident by which Mr. S. Bucknam of this town lost his life, but presuming that you will not object to the publication of a brief relation of the facts and obvious conclusions deducible from the circumstances of the affair, I comply with the wishes of his friends and forward you this account.

Mr. Bucknam left home on Monday morning, the 13th inst., to visit Buckfield, and after stopping a short time at Jackson Village, he proceeded on his way to Buckfield. No one saw Mr. B. after leaving Jackson Village till his remains were recovered from the water; but from the appearance of his horse's tracks, and other circumstances, the conclusion seemed almost irresistible that from some cause his horse became unmanageable and proceeded with furious speed towards the river. At a point very near the river the road makes a very abrupt curve, or more properly a direct turn; the distance between the turn and the bridge was insufficient to admit of a complete turn, and both horse and rider were precipitated over the abutments of the bridge to the rocks and water below, a distance of fifteen or twenty feet. As Mr. B. was horseback and must have fallen upon the shore or in the edge of the water where it was very shallow, the presumption is that one foot remained in the stirrup, and that he was thus dragged into the stream and to the point below where the body was found. Mr. B. was ordered insensibly by the fall, and no respiration occurred as no water entered the body.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the unselfish and assiduous efforts of the citizens, who assembled at the place of the accident.

Mr. Bucknam was sixty-two years of age, and was a kind hearted and estimable man, whose loss will be deeply deplored.

Bethel Items.

The citizens of Bethel will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town the 23d day of August prox. The matter is in the hands of an able committee who will see that the celebration is worthy of the occasion. There will be an address by Rev. J. K. Mason of Thomaston, a native of the town. Dr. True will give historic facts connected with the early settlers, and many sons from abroad are expected to be present to grace the occasion with their presence. A company of militia equipped and uniformed as of old will be present and many practices of "Ye olden time" may be witnessed during the day. Gov. Dingley may be expected to be present.

Hebron Items.

Alpheus Rowe is arranging the erection of a wind mill to propel his complicated machinery for bottoming shoes. And thus he aims to get nearer the "short-hand" process of domestic manufacture.

West Minot, the emporium of a large part of this town, held a "cheese picnic" in the early morning of the Fourth, which a considerable number of the citizens of Hebron attended. Wm. Lowell, Esq., the veteran oracle of West Minot, reviewed the "cheese and contest" of a century ago with the mother country, while sleepy children awaited the sunrise and the repast.

Hebron presents the instance of the most careful man perhaps in Oxford Co., in the example of a person who declined driving a team in getting up his own firewood for fear of accidents occurring to himself so as to disable him in attending the March term of Court, in which he had a case pending.

Andover Items.

The weather during the last two weeks has been very hot and dry, and the farmers have diligently improved it by pushing ahead their haying. Most of the farmers say they shall cut double the amount they did last year, and all other crops will be in like proportion.

Over three thousand pounds of cheese have already been made by the cheese factory. Some of the first ones made have been cut and have been pronounced of superior quality by all who have tried them.

A Strawberry Festival was given at the Town Hall last week by the ladies of the First Parish Church. The drama entitled "Brother Bill and Me" was acted to universal acceptance; supper and ice cream were served in the lower hall. Over \$50 was realized as the proceeds of the evening.

ONE STAR.

—City people are beginning to discover that Norway is a very healthy and pleasant place wherein to spend the summer months. The two hotels at the village are well patronized, and summer boarders are beginning to find good accommodations in private families. No more charming drives can be found in any country town, than those along the shores of Long Pond.

This beautiful sheet of water is six miles long lying wholly in Norway; in fact it almost bisects the town. View from the high lands on either side are beautiful and the air is pure and invigorating. In short, pure air and water, fine scenery and good society, those conditions so essential to the preservation of health, are found in abundance in this charming old town.

Maine Farmer.

—The Trustees of the State Fair, to be held in Lewiston, in September, offer for the prettiest baby a premium of \$30; second \$20, third \$10. Each child is to be shown by its mother.

We can see but little sense in the above proposition. Beauty has been the bane of many children and adults too. A premium for mere regularity of features in a child might as well be thrown away.—Let a premium be offered to those parents who will present the largest family of healthy, robust children, and the encouragement will be in the right direction.—Farmer.

—Mr. Frank Stearns has put on a stage from Waterford and Pine Grove House, to meet the steamers at No. Bridgton.

PERSONAL.—We learn by Boston papers that Roscoe H. Thompson, Esq., formerly of Canton, and a member of the Oxford Bar, has recently been appointed by Gov. Talbot of Massachusetts as Judge of one of the Courts of that city. Mr. Thompson, seeking a wider and more remunerative field for law practice, moved to Boston about three years ago. We are always gratified to notice deserving success of any of the sons of old Old Oxford, and we feel confident that Mr. Thompson possesses the peculiar mental temperament, and the requisite qualifications to enable him to reflect credit upon the appointing power in the discharge of the responsible duties of his new position.

A. M. Austin, Esq., the enterprising agent of the Phoenix Life Insurance Co., spent about three weeks in June soliciting insurance in the western part of this County and in the border of New Hampshire. During that time, with the assistance of E. P. Frost, he received

Original Poetry.

Written for the Oxford Democrat.
A Tiny Bouquet.

TO MRS. H. A. BY E. M. S. M.

Only a few Geranium leaves, with Pinks together entwined,
That told a story of loving thought, and remembrance doubly kind!
For it came from a source where we little thought,
We held in affection a part,
Or had power to move to one quicker throbs,
The gentle, loving heart.

Only a few Geranium leaves, with Pinks together entwined,
That assured us we moved to pleasant thought another's active mind!
Leaves and blossoms! Unspoken their words,
But dear is the message they bring—
For each sweet-scented, bright-leaved leaf,
Kind, loving thoughts sent to cling.

Only a few Geranium leaves, with Pinks together entwined,
Did a blessing come among the leaves, or the tiny cluster bind?
May strength for years bless the loving hands,
That twined the buds with such care;
May health and happiness, blessings untold,
Crown thy beautiful silvery hair.

Paris, July 20, 1874.

Miscellany.

SMITHS AND BROWNS.

"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Peter Smith, and he emphasized the remark by a wise shake of the forehead, "things have got in a very bad way. The farm is mortgaged to the last cent it is worth, and I owe a heap of money besides—more, by a long shot, than I know how to pay. What is to be done?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Peter," replied the better wife, "but it seems too awful to be turned out of home and home at our time of life. Now, if our son John would only marry Jonas Brown's daughter Sally, it would help us amazingly. The Browns, you see, are well off, and the connection would be a perfect gold mine to us. Of course they'd give Sally the hundred acres of land, and things that they have always said they would."

"That's a good idea, wife," said Peter, brightening up amazingly. "You always were a cute woman, and the notion does you credit. But do you think the young folks would take to it?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me that they have always taken a great notion to each other ever since they were children,—been more like brother and sister than anything else."

"But suppose the Browns should object as most likely they would? You know we ain't on good terms, thick as the young folks have been."

"I'll tell you what, Peter, is just the thing for us to do—put up John to elope with Sally."

"Agreed. I will leave it all to you to manage."

Thus the matter was settled, and the scheming couple went to bed to dream of a speedy release from their financial embarrassments.

Coincidences are sometimes of the most serious character,—almost surpassing belief in some instances. About the time of the above conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Jones Brown, held an important conference.

"Do you remember that note for six months I gave for stock last spring?" asked Jonas.

"Yes," replied the wife.

"Well, it's owing in about a month, and how under the sun we're going to pay it I don't know."

"Mortgage the farm."

"We've done that until it can't be mortgaged another cent. I'm clean discouraged; and there's Sally wanting a piano. Where the money is coming from is more than I know. We're on the verge of bankruptcy."

"I wish Sally would marry John Smith—gracious knows they're together enough to take a notion that way."

"Yes; but I don't see how that would help us."

"You don't, eh? Well I do. Ain't his folks rich? And wouldn't they act him up handsomely? Then we could stand some chance of getting help thro' Sally."

"That's a good plan," was Jonas' conclusion after profound meditation, "but the difficulty is, that the Smiths are not on good terms with us, and they would be likely to oppose the match."

"Then the best plan is to set the young folks up to an elopement."

So it chanced that the Browns and the Smiths planned to dispose of their children to their own pecuniary advantage.

The next step in each case was to mould the young ones to the proper shape. John Smith was a handsome, brawny country fellow, with plenty of good sense, and an ocean of love for Sally Brown,—when his parents proposed his marrying her, he informed them that he would gladly do so, but he feared her parents would object. Then his father slyly suggested an elopement, and offered to aid in carrying out such an exploit. John said he would think about it.

Sally Brown was a rustic maiden with much redness of cheeks, and rejoiced in the possession of the lasting comeliness which is derived from a bright smile, sweet temper, and a pair of clear, earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighbor of a saucy little roustabout nose. Her wavy brown hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump little figure was encased in a well-fitting dress, which was neatness itself. When her parents spoke to her about John, she blushed blushing, and after close questioning, admitted that she would be "tickled to death" to marry him. She further stated they were running over with love for each other; that they had long settled the question of ultimate union, but they feared parental objection.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Sally," said Mrs. Brown, "you know pa and I dot on you, and would do anything to make you happy."

"We would do anything to make you happy," echoed Mr. Brown.

"And if you were to hint to John the idea of an elopement, we wouldn't lift our fingers to prevent it."

"No," repeated Mr. Brown, "we wouldn't lift our fingers to prevent it."

In this instructing their children, the Smiths and Browns displayed very little knowledge of human nature. They should have known that John and Sally would, upon the first occasion possible, unobtrusively themselves, for how could true lovers keep a secret, and such a secret? At the next meeting each told the other all he or she had been told by the old folks. However, they were not over-disposed to question the matter. They were too glad that the consummation so devoutly to be wished seemed so near at hand to question how it had been brought about. Conscious that their progenitors were up to some kind of trickery, they resolved at once to avail themselves of the opportunity to elope before any change in the aspect of affairs should occur. Having thus concluded, they proceeded to lead their parents astray.

"I've been talking to John," said Sally demurely, to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, "and we concluded to elope; it's all settled, and we're ready just as soon as it can be arranged."

"I saw Sally last night," said John, to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, "and she agreed to elope with me; so I think the thing had better be hurried right along."

One week from this time all the preliminaries had been arranged. Sally had been supplied with a brand-new dress and all other fixings, and John had been given enough money to buy a suit of wedding toggery. The respective parents were laughing at their own cunning. The Browns were overjoyed at outwitting the Smiths, the Smiths were happy at fooling the Browns, and both chuckled over a speedy relief from financial embarrassment.

The eventful night came, and John hitched up one of his father's horses and drove over to Sally's domicile. When within a dozen rods of the house he gave a signal whistle, and Sally came out. Under the peculiar circumstances they feared no interference, and did not deem it necessary to exercise any great amount of caution. John gave Sally a resounding kiss, helped her into the wagon, and away they went.

Shortly after their departure, two scenes occurred which must here be recorded.

Jonas Brown returned from the village store in a state of great mental and bodily excitement. The latter was caused by fast walking, and the former—the conversation that ensued with best explanation.

"They're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown exultingly, "and they'll be hitched in an hour or less."

"The dance they have," cried Mr. Brown, "I hoped to get here time enough to stop 'em."

"To stop 'em?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"What for?"

"Just this: old Smith ain't worth a cent; can't pay what he owes; will be sold out within a month; it's the talk of whole village."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Mrs. Brown, "what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Brown, "I'll follow them to 'Squire Jones', and get there before the ceremony."

With this he hurriedly hitched up a horse and spun away to 'Squire Jones' house, about five miles distant.

The other important scene mentioned was at the Smith residence, and was opened by the precipitous entrance of Mrs. S., with the breathless exclamation:

"Has he gone?"

"Who?" inquired Mr. Smith.

"John?"

"Yes," and Mr. Smith rubbed his hands with glee. "He went off at a half an hour ago."

"Don't stand there rubbing your hands," screamed the lady, "but harness up the old mare just as quick as you can, and follow 'em. The Brown ain't worth a dollar in the world; Mr. Robinson just told me so—and a mortgage on their farm going to be foreclosed. So Sally won't get a cent."

Smith hurried the old mare into her harness, and rattled away towards Squire Jones' residence.

John and Sally had proceeded leisurely about four miles, the former driving with one arm, and holding Sally on the seat with the other, when they heard the sound of wheels a short distance in the rear. They had just passed a long bend in the road, and looking across they saw, revealed by the moonlight, the pursuing Brown.

"Why that's pa!" exclaimed Sally.

"Yes, and he means mischief, I'll bet," said John.

"What shall we do?" squealed Sally.

"I'll show you," said John.

Jumping from the wagon, he removed a long rail from the fence and placed it across the roadway. Then he drove on again, at a gallop that made the horse steam like a boiler.

Brown came on at a furious rate, only to be summarily checked by the rail. The horse jumped the rail, but the front wheels of the wagon collapsed under the collision. Brown was tumbled out, and the frightened horse ran off with the wreck of the vehicle.

Just as Mr. Brown was picking himself from the ditch he saw the accident repeated; this time Mr. Smith being the leading actor, and Mr. Smith's mare galloping away with the fore wheels.

Brown and Smith were inveterate enemies, and neither would speak; but both started on a rapid run for the Squire's place about a mile off. They burst into the house like a whirlwind, just in time to hear the words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife," "Hold on!" yelled Brown. "I object."

"I am sure, pa," pleaded the daughter "that you and ma both said—"

"Daughter," hurriedly interposed Mr. Brown, turning very red, but striving to appear dignified. "I am not disposed to be tyrannical; now that you are married I shall not refuse my blessing."

"And you father," said John, "we would never have eloped, if you and mother hadn't said—"

"Never mind, my son," interrupted Mr. Smith; "I will not be hard with you; I forgive you both."

Brown and Smith thereupon became reconciled, and all rode home together in the elopement's wagon.



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